wonder whether Workman is addressing a problem of physical accommodation or one of attitude, whether he believed that society could never possibly accommodate all its mad, or that society would always feel that, however many "mad" people it confined, there were always more at large. At the very least he seems to appreciate that to some degree the "mad" designation was a relative one, contingent on non-physiological factors. Finally he asserts that "all we require to do to ascertain that insanity is more prevalent than at present it appears to be, is to build more asylums for its victims" (14). Incidentally, and perhaps unwittingly, he exposes the potentially self-interested circularity of the Asylum movement, for which he was generally a spokesman and exponent. This brings him "dangerously" close to Andrew Scull's hypothesis that merely by virtue of existing, Asylums actually reduced the level of tolerance in the communities they served: "If the availability of institutions is in fact productive of decreased tolerance, then expansion of the asylum system should always produce increased numbers of crazy people" (240).[xxxix]

By 1870 his plans to address this crisis of accommodation have been met with silence from `the fountain of all public wisdom, and the Hercules of all public reform' (1870, 16)[xl] -- an especially bitter remark from Workman, himself an old newspaper man and skilful manipulator of public texts. From Workman such a remark seem tantamount to apostasy. Workman's insistent complaint is that the public take no real interest in his Asylum or the well-being of its inmates. He has had to listen too long to their enthusing over the great size of the painfully crowded building (`of such size [to] ... lodge all the lunatics in the Dominion' (20)), without their bothering to determine how many lunatics there were, or whether `the inmates sleep one in a bed, or five, or whether the sitting-rooms, dining rooms and corridors are not all filled at night with beds' (1869, 20). Of course, no one consistently took such delight in broadcasting the dimensions of his building as Workman himself, so his revulsion is a measure of his disillusionment. One might also suppose that he is irked by the possibility that such rhapsodies are really veiled criticisms of the enormous public expenditure that failed to produce a cure. They probably conveyed all kinds of irony to him, even when none was intended. Toward the end of his career Workman seems to have missed as much as he got. In his report for 1869 his attempt to present insanity as a lesson in human frailty backfires, from the failure to take his own into account: